FRONT AND THOSE WHO GO THERE. Mamie and Her Steady Attract Attention at the East Twenty-fourth Street Plers The Russian Jews at East Third Street-Baby

Carriages as an Index of Aristocracy. New York has six recreation piers now, and during the hot weather, all of them have been crowded to a degree that almost made - 'recreation-pier" a misnomer. Last Sunday night, between 14,000 and 15,000 men, women and children visited the East Twenty-fourth street pier which is the largest in the city, and, at East Third street. East 112th and the three North River piers, the crowds were proportionately large, During the day, the children have things pretty much their own way on the piers, but about 7 o'clock, the grown-ups, having ended their day's work, escape from hot shops and work rooms and tenements, and turn their faces pierward. Between 7 and 8 every evening, a steady tide of humanity pours down the streets leading to the piers. There are well-clad comfortable working men and their wives, hulking loafers, ragged mothers with babies in arms, and a trail of children following in their wake; girls with their steadies and girls without. All the rank and file are out for recreation, and the pier is preëminently the thing.

For any Pharisee who thinks his social tenets and standards are the only law and gospel, an evening on a recreation pier is a liberal education. Each has its own distinct social tone, according to the neighborhood in which it is situated, and the codes of manners vary with the nationality and material prosperity of the

The lines are drawn less definitely on the West bide than on the East Side; but the Russian and Polish Jews of East Third street, the Irish Americans and Germans of Twenty-fourth street, and the Italians of 112th street enjoy themselves in their own particular tashions The Twenty-fourth street pier has a reputation for aristocracy. The neighborhood around it is not one of extreme poverty, and the comfortable laborer or small tradesman with h family, figures largely in the crowd. mothers with their sick bables, dirty, ragged prehins and tired-eved men do drift down t the pier on hot nights but Mamie and her steady are the chief features of the summer night crowd at Twenty-fourth street.

Mamie is a young person emphatically different from her English cousin, 'Arriet. In the first place, she is prettier. She has a certain style and dash, a fashion of wearing cheap ciothes with an air that is beyond English grasp Her wits and her tongue and her heels are nim ble and she flirts with a nerve for which even Par or Dublin can hardly offer a parallel. Her meth ods may be a trifle crude, and her young man' devotion may have the same fault; but anything like the bovine stupidity of 'Arry and his 'Arriet, our Willy and his Mamie never approach. The recreation pier, as a courting ground, might not appeal to a fastidious coquette, but it beats a tenement house doorstep, and, after all, mere trifle like publicity can not make Cupid come a cropper. Some of the boys and girls go to the pier together, seek secluded corners with deliberate wisdom and give themselves up to mooning, under the chaperonage of the pier attendants; but they are the victims whose cases are beyond the tentative and exciting stage, who are engaged and proud of it.

The girls who still pose as heart whole and fancy free and who find man in general more interesting than man in particular, go to the pier with other girls. They stroll around the pler, with their arms about each others' waists, and are elaborately indifferent to the boys who lean against the railings or lounge on the benches and watch the passing show. What are men to Mamie? She tosses her head and

flirts her organdy skirts and chews her gum and laughs a triffe too loud and chatters vivaciously. She is conscious in every nerve of the attention she is attracting, but she would die before sne would admit it. Sne is having a good time. Oh, an uncommonly good time As for boys pouf! she hates boys. She'd rather walk with girls any day, and she tells the boys so, in East Side vernacular, when the doesn't pick up the fruit. Of course the girls

marches to which no one save the old folks and the children listen. Gradually the loafing masculine ranks thin out, and one boy after another joins the group that holds the girl of his choice. There is a deal of rough banter and pushing and slapping and teasing, and an occasional flash of jealousy or a vigorous snub, but the groups break up into couples and there and pink cheeks. The old folks and the chil-dren still wander around and around the pier and listen to the music, but the water and the interesting to the men and the maids. They hang over the railings and watch the colored lights on the boats creeping up and down the river. Their loud or shrill voices drop lower. faces, but leaves their hearts at summer tem-perature, and if they do not spoon it may be on account of girlish scruples, but it probably is because the pier matrons are dragon chaperon with fastidious ideas on the subject of

Into the hot, dirty streets. There is loud laughof the girls go quietly with love-light in their eye. After all Mamie is very much like Gladys or Katherine when it comes to loving a man. Down on East Third street things are differ

ent. The pier is smaller and more crowded: for it is one of the little ironies of philanthropy that the smallest pier in the city should be women and babies are the basis of the East Faird street crowd-billowing mothers in Israel with good nature in every crease of their fat to a material prosperity based on three balls: thin, anemic, hollow-eyed women, with the look of dumb endurance and suffering that thin, sick and well, young and old, but all more or less dirty. There are men on the pier, too. sallow men, with tailors' backs and sweat-shop faces; boys who look like their fathers seen through a mist that softens the expression The Russian Jew may have a hidden fund of

a smaller contingent of young people on the Third street pler than at Twenty-fourth street. Perhaps they are merely less assertive and conspicuous. Some of the young girls are beautiful, but they lack the audacious spirits of the Irish or American Mamie; and the young men live up to their listless, melancholy men and maids can ever be too tired to flirt? What courting there is is of a subdued sort, and only the very young girls and boys go in dren furnish most of the diversion on the pier. They are the cleverest little imps in the city, those wee men and women of the lower East on last Sunday night would have been an eye opener to the pupils of a dramatic school. case, flatly refused to be dead and done for after she was murdered. She would insist upon taking part in the arrest of the criminal. who it may be mentioned, was chosen for the

the policeman explained, he was a "dago" and they were that "sort.

The very hot weather wrings a great cor cession from the elderly matrons of the Hebrew quarter. The jute or hair wigs which are onned over a shaven pate when the old-fashfoned orthodox Jewess marries are shed in deference to the temperature; and the old ladies go flapping about with voluminous white muslin kerchiefs tied over their heads It doesn't look cool, and it certainly isn't becoming, but it seems to be a great satisfaction to the grandmothers.

On the first floor of the pier, where baby carriages are allowed, mothers and babies congregate-more babies to the square foo than one can see anywhere else in town, though Forsyth street and Rivington street sidewalks make a pretty fair showing on these hot evenings. Most of the little tots have preternat urally big eyes, in white, thin faces, and wear an expression that is a pathetic, humorou reproduction of their grandfather's world-weary look. They seldom ory. East Side babies do less crying than other mites. Prob ably crying seems inadequate, and then one is likely to pay attention to them if the do cry: there are too many of them.

One thing that impresses an observant looker-on at the baby show is the number of elaborate baby carriages. The baby may have few clothes, and the mother may be squalid but the baby carriage is worthy of the Mall It may be, like the wigs, an article of fait or possibly baby carriages and diamond ear rings are the only indications by which to gauge aristocracy on the Third street pier.

The pier has a rival in the miniature Coney Island Bowery that lies just oustide of it; and the swings and merry-go-rounds do a thriving business, while the weighing machines are full of baby all evening long.

Up at 112th street there is a picture crowd. Little Italy empties itself upon the pier and the Italian, even when Americanzed, doesn't take his pleasure sadly. Many of the women wear gay clothing brought with them from Italy, and their white teeth flash, their eyes gleam, their shoulders shrug as enthusiastically as though the pier overlooked the Bay of Naples instead of the East River. But there is more quarrelling up there than or the other piers, sudden wrath and wild ex citement that dies out like a flash in the pan but it is interesting while it lasts, and some times has postscripts after the pier is closed.

Brooklyn has a new recreation pier on North Second street and it is being well patronized but the pier habitues on the New York side look at the twinkling lights of the pier acrothe river with supercilious scorn. "Say, what d'ye think of runnin' a pier in a country town? says Mamie to Willy. "Goin' to a pier in Brook Wouldn't that jar ye?"

"Aw fergit it," answers Willy, with the tru New Yorker's contempt for lesser things.

## BAD-TEMPERED RACING HORSES. Approving Tricks of the Wicked Ludwig ap

the Victous Don Alonso. One sporting man had told a story abou good-natured racehorses and another had spun a yarn of uncertain horses, including a few anecdotes of that fickle old campaigner Tea Tray. The third sport remarked that no one had said anything about vicious race horses and started to tell of one or two he had known in his time.

"Probably the ugliest racehorse that eve lived," he said, "was Ludwig. You will remember, of course, the famous duel between Ludwig and Dave Gideon's Ramapo several years ago, in which the animals came pretty near to chewing each other to pieces. this Ludwig was the toughest animal that I ever saw. He would take a chance at anything and once he got a grip nothing but a red-hot fron would induce him to let go. Down on the Long Branch farm he was known as the man-eater, a name which clung to him as long as I can remember. Ludwig, the man-eater became one of the best-known animals in the country, and people interested in horseflesh

used to go down to Long Rranch to see him. "Well, Gideon thought that Ludwig had earned such a reputation for himself that he down to Long Branch and into the stable. One of the grooms told him to be careful or Ludwig would bite him, but Stull said he thought he could soothe the animal, and proceeded to

do it by the use of soft words, Ludwig meantime being in a box stall, with only his head extending from the top. He could wag his head pretty freely though and Stall was trying to make friends with him by patting his noise and task never objected to but which, at the Lane time, hadn't the effect of sweetening his vicious temper in the least.

"Stull was in the middle of his hypotic act when Gideon walks in. He spoke to Stull and the painter turned around suddenly. Like a flash Ludwig ducked his head and got a tight grip on the collar of Stull's coat. Well, it was the funniest thing that I ever saw. There was Stull wrisigning and yelling and Gideon and the grooms convulsed with laughter. Old Ludwig never moved, but lust held on, and there was a look of the most intense satisfaction in his eyes. Every means of making the old animal let go was futils. Every time he was clubbed over the head he would draw back into the stall, lifting Stull clean off his feet. Then Stull would hole to let the horse aloned to anyhody to unbotton the painter's coat and let him sip out of it. Stull couldn't do it himself, for the pulling on his collar had drawn his arms up, so that he couldn't use them a all. A groom finally sneaked up and unbuttoned the coat, and then when Ludwig wasn't thinking anything about it Stull slipped out of the garment.

"You never saw such a mad horse in your life. He was smart enough to see that a trick had been played on him, and he shorted and kicked and neighed so that for a time it looked as though he was going to break out of the stall and eat a few of us up. At the same time he thrashed Stull's Sunday coat around at a scandious rate. Ohe it caught on a nail, and as Ludwig painter gream. The same time he had a good thing in that nail, for twice the had been clean to go the head of his whip and kept his right that he had a good thing in that nail, for the painter's leg on the power of the bayers. I recall one day when the Don's trainer though that race the Don was enough to ster him and the head a coup

From the Chicago Tribune.

"I saw Plodder roaring drunk to-day for the first time in his life."
"Yes. He was about to start on his vacation—the first in five years—when he received a notification that he had been drawn on a jury."

York had. He was selected for this post by Secretary Tracy, and in accordance with the custom in such cases he was assigned to watch the ship as she was being finished up by the contractors. It was a kind of extra inspection luty. Not only was Philip expected to see tha everything was done according to agreement but he was expected to make suggestions as to desirable alterations. It was his custom in Philadelphia to utilize the noon hour, when the workmen were off the ship for their midday meal, to go poking about a good deal. Of course, he was always in citizen's clothes, and as he walked about he was about the last person one would take for a naval officer, much less the future commander of the ship. One day he was examining some work on the main deck, and as he looked up he saw two well-dressed men, strangers, evidently, looking about the craft. He knew they must be men of some importance or the Cramps would not have given them tickets to get inside the yard and aboard the New York, which was then the greatest warship that we had produced or were producing. One of these strangers was a tall, handsome fellow of militar; aspect and precise language. He was showing the other man around and doing the honors Going to the side of the ship he pointed to the place between the outer and inner skins, where the men's hammocks are stowed away in the daytime, and said:

"Here is where they place the armor. You e there is a place left for it. The ship isn't finished yet and so the armor hasn't been put in place. It comes up almost above the men's heads, you see, and they are quite safe as they go about their work here."

Philip's eyes were bulging and his hair was standing nearly on end. He didn't know the men and he felt it a shame that such rank misinformation should be scattered about. He cleared his throat to attract attention strolled close to the visitors and plainly put himself in a position to give correct information in case any questions should be asked of him. Of course he was conscious himself of knowing all sorts of things about a ship and it never occurred to him that any one else would think of doubting information he might give. More over he was distinctively sorry for both of the men, who seemed to be very well-to-do and highly intelligent in all things except ship construction. He therefore cleared his throat again. It drew a mere glance from the tall ought to have his picture painted. So he sends | man and his friend. They walked past Philip

as if he were some inconsequential workman, possibly a foreman, and the tall man went on explaining. He approached a funnel, one of many of the ventilators with which the deck of the New York is crowded. Placing his hand fondly against the side of the ventilator the tail man said:

"And this is a smoke stack or smoke pipe. You see the big ones up there. They go straigh up in the air. These curve at the end. They have a sort of hood. They move that hood about and when the ship is in action they use the hoods to keep the smoke from the furnaces out of the men's eyes.

Philip could stand it no longer. A team of horses couldn't have kept him back.

"I beg pardon, gentlemen," he said. "I think that you are slightly misinformed about some of the details of the ship.

The tail man who had been looking at Philip with an air of astonishment at his rudeness in breaking into a conversation now began to show signs of a slight sneer, but Philip went on in his simple, sincere way desiring only to set the men right:

"This is not the place for the armor; it is what we call the hammock netting: that is, the place where the hammock are stowed away when not in use."

The tail man gave a little start at this and showed signs of irritation, but the earnest-minded Jack Philip didn't notice it—he said he recalled it afterward—and went on:

"This is a ventilator, not the smoke stack. The only smoke pipes on the ship are those three big ones—"

The tall man's patience now gave way. He in turn could endure it no longer. He was as eager as Philip had been to get into the conversation.

"I don't know who you are, sir," he said, with a tene of het relyuke to Philip." "hut I are

leling the Cape Hatteras coast for a considerable distance are the much-dreaded Diamond Shoals, upon which the Government once contemplated placing a \$1,00,000 lighthouse and on which several ineflectual attempts were made at such construction. There for three years a light vessel has successfully ridden out many of the severest gales sweeping that part of the ocean, breaking away occasionally, but allways manasing to make safe herbor except in one instance, when she beached and was hauled off much damaged. It had been proved that a light vessel could stand the shifting sands and the heavy blows, but the experience of the first vessel put there showed that another kind was more suited to the dangerous gask of marking the treacherous shallow spot. Now a new lightship is to be located there designed to hold no matter how the winds blow and the seas run, and, if there is enough bottom, always to swing tightly to heranchor. This vessel will soon be completed and is to be stationed off Hatteras next month. She will be a steam propeller and electric lighted, and when finished will be one of the first, if not the only one, of her kind ever launched.

The Government contract calls for a craft 112 feet in length and a depth of over 15 feet, with three decks, the main and spar decks running the full length of the ship, while the lower deck is broken by the forward coal bunker and the after bulkhead of the engine room. The hull will be divided by watertight steel bulkheads into five compartments and the quarters and storerooms are so arranged as to meet all requirements of safety and coinfort. The accommodations of this vessel are to be forward of the main deck. There will be two hollow steel maste, through which will be run the wring of the maste, through which will be tun the wring of the maste, through which will be tun the wring of the maste, through which will be to have a deck will be the most powerful displayed from any lightship affoat and should be seen at least eighteen miles distant. The cluster will consist of

The only smoke pipes on the ship are those three big ones.—

The tall man's patience now gave way. He in turn could endure it no longer. He was as eager as Phillip had been to get into the conversation.

"I don't know who you are, sir," he said, with a tone of hot rebuke to Phillip, "but I am Capt. Tate of the United States Regular army, sir, and I ought to know what I am talking about."

Phillip's jaw dropped. A look of blank astonishment come over his face. All he could say was:

"You certainly should know what you are talking about."

Then he watched the men stamp away in profound disgust for fill-mannered persons who break into conversations about which they know nothing. As they left the ship Philip wiped the prespiration from his brow and began to grin. Then he sat down to chuckle and laugh. That was in the year 1892. From that day until he died he never thought of that experience without chuckling and he never was happier than when he was telling the story.

The Texas was the first ship home from Santiago and there was a rush to see her and Phillp, who commanded her. At the Navy Yard his ship was crowded for days and days, his own cabin was here except for a cot, a table and three chairs. He had rigged up some sort of portieres about his bed to hide it. To enter any person's room on shipboard without permission. The visitors on the Texas forgot all about naval proorders, even if they ever knew about its details, and Philip frequently looked up from his work and found his room half full, mostly with women. That shocked him above all else. How they ever got by the orderly at the door, he couldn't understand. They really got in when the orderly was sent a dozen steps away from the door with some message. Philip's explanation of their presence, notwithstanding their grave breach of propriety, was sailant. He said:

They undoubtedly know better, but they can't belp it. You see, they wan't to see a hero and to suppose I must endure it."

And endure it Jack Philip did, but one day the worm turned. Philip had an

From the Chicago Inter-Ocean.

BELMOND, July 8.—As a result of the atroctties in the celestial empire and the restoration of Prince Tuan, several Belmond citizens have decided to have their shirts washed elsewhere than at the Chinese laundry here. Some of the younger element favor hanging Whang Chu, the laundryman.

The Beacon Ship That Is to Defy the Gales and Seas Off Hatteras. From the Baltimore Sun.

WASHINGTON, July 9.- Extending out into the Atlantic Ocean for thirteen miles and paral-

traction soon."

Philip was always proud because he had taken the hoodoo off the Texas, known long as the unlucky ship of the navy. It was thought that some of the crew were almost afraid to sail in her. Just before she sailed for Key West to go into the campaign Philip had another experience with a woman sufficient to try any one's soul. It was within twenty minutes of sailing time and Philip had dashed down into his cabin to sign some papers before going away. He "I have it. What wud ye naturally do with a thing that ye couldn't sell and had no further "T'row it out," ventured Terence Massey

the big teamster, after a pause. "Think shame of yer ignorance, ye clums time and rimip had dashed down into his cabin to sign some papers before going away. He heard a noise and looked up and there stood a woman at his doorway.

"Madame, what can I do for you?" inquired the gallant Captain. The woman stepped inside and with a sigh of relief said:

"Captain Philip, may I shake your hand good-by?" horse-pounder," said Dinny scornfully. "Ye'd raffle it. Do ye know what a raffle is?"

'Tis not the like av youse can teach me ye little red-headed hen." retorted Terence. That nor annything else."

gallant Captain. The woman stepped inside and with a sigh of relief said:

"Captain Philip, may I shake your hand good-by?"

"Madame, the pleasure and honor are mine!" exclaimed the still gallant Captain.

"It's a curious coincidence, "said the woman, "but do you know that when the ——" (a ship that went down) "sailed I was the very last person to shake the captain's hand."

Philip was stunned. He glared at the woman and in a tone of indignation he fairly shouted:

"Madame, the Texas is coming back!"

"Oh, is it?" said the woman in the blandest possible tones and then she sadly strolled out. Philip would have liked to throw her overboard. In telling the story afterward he always said with a ringing voice:

"And the Texas did come back, didn't she!"

He was mighty proud of that fact.

The Massachusetts sailed for the theatre of war a few days before the Texas. It was always Philip's desire to go out on the Brooklyn Bridge and see a battleship pass under. He wanted to see how it seemed to look down on such a craft. Twenty minutes before the Massachusetts cast off her lines he went to the Captain and said:

"Higginson, don't sail until I have time enough to get out there in the middle of the Brooklyn Bridge and see you go under it. I want to see how you look."

Higginson said he would wait and when the Massachusetts swept under the middle of the Brooklyn Bridge and see you go under it. I want to see how you look."

Higginson said he would wait and when the bridge there was Philip looking down at her with the utmost eagerness. He waved his hand at Higginson and then heard two men in conversation beside him. One of them said:

"That's a warship. I wonder which it is?"

Don't you know? was the response. "That's the last you'll ever see of her. Her Captain's name is Philip. You might as well wave your hand good-by to him, like this man next to us has done. He'll never come back."

Philip, remembering his experience on the New York when she was belng finished, and Capt. Tate of the United States Regular Army. Sir." was There has been some ill-feeling between th two since last St. Patrick's Day, when they set out to celebrate together and Terence ended by being found asleep in a field with an ou bag over his head, while Dinny lay under the seat of his companion's wagon and sang Gaelic chants to the patient horses until he found himself in the main street of Flushing, across the meadows, trying to explain matters to policeman. Each passionately accused the other of baving put up a practical joke upon him, and they had several times almost passed from abuse to personal conflict and would have done so but for the fact that at Carkev's, which was their only place of meeting, no fighting was allowed, except in the case of a general and unavoidable ruction, such as is likely to happen anywhere when a number of gentlemen are drinking and talking politics together t was generally considered that such a conflic would be disastrous to the ex-schoolmaster, for the teamster, though slow, was a massive man. But in spite of small stature, Dinny was lively as a cricket, hard as nails and with that careless confidence in his own prowess that goes with his particular shade of redheadedness. Therefore he would undoubtedly have responded acidulously to Terence's as-

diplomatic Carkey, who said: "That's a great notion, that raffle, Dinny, How'll I fix it, I donno." "Sell a hundred chances at 50 cents apiece. said Dinny promptly. That'll fetch you in \$50, twice what the wheel is worth. We'll all go in. I'll take five chances myself, and even

persion but for the ready interference of the

Terry there wouldn't be so stingy as to hag-Terry there wouldn't be so stingy as to maggle at one."

Brisk was the sale of chances for Carkey's
wheel. To the Irish mind a raffle is irresistibly tempting. In a single day all the tickets
were sold and the numbers, from 1 to 100 were
apportioned. Moreover there was a big outside profit to Carkey, for the roadhouse was
crowded to the doors with thirsty holders of
numbers. In order that there might be no
deception Carkey, painfully and in his big,
round hand-of-write, had made out the numbers for the drawing on bits of cardboard which
he deposited in an empty beer keg. This he

bers for the drawing on bits of cardboard which he deposited in an empty beer keg. This he set up on the bar and at the appointed time Dinny Hogue explained how the matter was to be decided.

"Carkey will draw one number out of the barrel, blindfold. The lucky man that holds that number gets the bicycle. St. Anthony, the patron of all good luck, be with me. I want the wheel." sentiments that are uppermost at such times, he called the man to him and sent him ashore on an errand for him

"And by the way, Jones," he said, "if you should find that you couldn't get back to the ship to-night for any reason I think it would be well for you to have some one in the neighborhood of a little house over in that direction keep a watch to see if a sailing signal is not put up during the night."

The man took the hint and went home and spent the night, bidding his family in the morning an affectionate farewell.

Many a man in humble station felt a lump in is throat when the news came that Jack Philip his throat when the news came that Jack Philip

"Carkey will draw one number out of the barrel, blindfold. The lucky man that holds that number gets the bicycle. St. Anthony, the patron of all good luck, be with me. I want the wheel."

The crowd surged forward as Carkey thrust his red hand into the keg and brought forth a bit of cardboard, which, by arrangement, he handed to Mrs. Carkey to read off. Amidst a breathless silence she announced:

"The number is—Wirra, now, Tim, be alsy there. Yo've struck it from me hand."

Her husband, wriggling loose of the blindfolding band, had hit her hand and the fateful cardboard fluttered down upon the bar on which she was standing to be well above the crowd. She picked it up again, looked at it with an expression of surprise that changed to one of dismay.

"Sure, this is no good luck at all, at all," she cried.

"What's the number? Give us the number, Mrs. Carkey." shouted the crowd.

"An' that's not so aisy, ayther," said the good woman. "Whin first I looked at the card the number was as plain as the nose on me favess. Eighteen it was—

"I hold it," shouted Dinny Hogue, leaping in the air." St. Anthony forever! Pass over the prize.

"Whist, now, Dinny," warned Mrs. Carkey.
"Tis not all done. Whin I come to pick it up 'twas not eighteen at all, at all, but eightywan."

Observe now how the spirit of chance allies itself with the forces of war and disruption.

"Eighty-wan is my number," roared Terence Massey, shoving his big bulk forward. "Tim, which we can stale it, ye lumberin' thafe?" cried the schoolmaster, his brogue thickening as excitement rose within him.

"Wud the like of youse stop me, ye hoppin' flea?"

"B'ys, b'ys," cried Mrs. Carkey. "Look at this. Wan way you hold it 'tis eighteen an' tho other way 'tis eighty-wan. Tim, ye boggier, what was ye doin' that ye did not put a top to yer figure wan? See what a mess ye've made. Eighteen or eighty-wan. Tim, ye boggier, what was ye doin' that ye did not put a top to yer figure wan? See what a mess ye've made. Eighteen or eighty-wan. Tim, ye boggier, what was ye doin'

Terence sneeringly.

"If it was me last breath," said the schoolmaster solemuly.

"Thin, back it," said the big teamster savagely. "I'll tell ye what wins; 'tis' wan, an
there's the wan."

The "wan" was a lunge of his tremendous
fist. Only a quick stoop on Dinny's part prevented the raffie from being won and lost then
and there. The big man swing around and—
"There's two an three an' foor," shouted
Dinny, landing right, left, and right again upon
the jaw and neck of the teamster.

"Stand back; give 'em room," shouted the
crowd. "Lave them raffle it out."

Little by little the crowd pressed back while
those who had stepped outside howled and
battered the doors and windows for admittance. It looked a very uneven contest. Dinny's
blows hado't damaged the big teamster, apparently, and Dinny's superior quickness
wasn't likely to avail much in such close quarrers. On the other hand Terence wasn't carrying his liquor with the ease and grace that
distinguished the jaunty little schoolmaster.
He reeled and puffed but came again with a
rush.

"If wan won't do it," he puffed, "there's

distinguished the jaunty little schoolmaster. He recled and puffed but came again with a rush.

"If wan won't do it," he puffed, "there's number five."

"I'm good for the whole distance of a hunderd," declared Dinny, as he parried and essayed a six and seven that did no damage.

"Eight," shouted the spectators as Terence rushed, missed a swing, and got his little opponent around the body, jamming him against the bar.

This was foul, according to the strict rules, but many a thing goes in Carkey's that isn't the books. Dinny's nine was of this order, as he raised the back of his head upon Terence's chin with a force that made that gentleman's teeth clack like castanets.

"An' a good ten," announced Dinny, getting a threttle-hold on the throat and incidentally elbowing his foe in the eye, which he counted as eleven.

In an instant he was thrown off by the superior strength of the other.

"Twelve!" yelled Terence, making another ineffective swing. Then he kicked. It was an unlucky thirteen for Dinny. To get out of the way he had no time. He turned and received the kick where it would do the least harm.

Even so, he rose and soared like a bird. He

hospital?"
"It is that "said Terence.
"And did I do all that to ye?" inquired Dinny.
indicating the swathings.
"Ye did, ye murderin' villain."
"Niver mind. Terry," said Dinny. wearily
lying back mid his splints and wrappings,
"the bicycle got aven for ye."

## SPINK AND SPANK IN AN ELECTION Result Turned on the Negro Vote-Spank Got

It But Gave His Friends a Scare. The man from Texas had ideas about the way a political campaign should be conducted. He had listened patiently to several stories on the subject, and then deciding that his turn had come, blew his nose on a bandanna handkerchief, and said:

"Down in Red Ink, Tex., where I live, the popular choice don't amount to a damn. Its the man who knows how to run his campaign that's counted in, and the other fellow deserves all that he gets for not being the cleverest of the candidates. Last year there were two fellows that wanted to be Mayor of our town

the candidates. Last year there were two fellows that wanted to be Mayor of our town. They were Spink and Spank. Spink was a merchant who had dabbled in politics and had a notion that he knew the game pretty well; and he did, but not so well as Spank. Spank had me with him, and I have my uses in a local campaign in Texas, because I've helped put three Mayors in office in Red Ink, who didn't get as many votes as the fellow that was licked.

"Well, down in Red Ink, the nigger vote is supposed to decide things. That's a theory that the practical politicians have got and so everybody goes for the nigger vote. Spink went for the nigger vote the day he was nominated. Spank didn't. Now as I had a hand in Spank's campaign I thought he was a lobster for letting Spink get in on him. I thought I knew the game, but I proved a child along-side of Spank. Spink had a big coal business as well as a general store in Red Ink, and the way the niggers bit into his stock was sean-dalous. Say, he started jollying them about what a great friend of theirs he was and they set out to make him prove it. If he had quit it was all off with the nigger vote for him. He knew that and he didn't quit.

"In the meantime I was sore over the way Spink was getting in on the nigger vote. I knew it was costing him a pretty penny, but it certainly wasn't going to be hard to make it up after he was elected. I told Spank that he'd have to do something and do it quick. He laughed and said that he would beat Spink, I knew it was costing him a pretty penny, but it certainly wasn't going to be hard to make it up after he was elected. I told Spank that he'd have to do something and do it quick. He laughed and said that he would beat Spink, I guess he was on for he came to me one day and said: 'My boy, this fellow Spink is an ass. He's spending hundreds of dollars for those nigger votes and I'll get them for less than a dollar apiece. And I wont make a move until election morning.'

"Say,I began to think that he was daffy and so did the other boys. It was onl

"Say, I began to think that he was daffy and so did the other boys. It was only two days off to election and all we had done was to hold off to election and all we had done was to hold the better classes." off to election and all we had done was to hold our party vote among the better classes. Spink had the nigger vote solid, and if ever a man paid for a vote he did. Well the night before election I went down to Spank's office. Spank had a sand pit and was rich. His principal customers were the niggers, who had lined up with Spink. Every nigger in Red Ink is in the sand business and it did seem to me that a fine opportunity had been lost. Well, I went down to Spank's office, because I had some news for him.

"Spank, I said, 'you've thrown us all down on this thing. I don't believe you want the place anyway."

"What makes you think that? said Spank with a smile.

"Great Scott, man, I said, 'you know that the nigger vote will win for the man who gets it."

"And I'll get it, 'said Spank.

"In the neck,' I said, for I was feeling sore.

"In the hellot box,' said Spank, and then he leaned over and said:

"Did you hear that after months of free treating, after weeks of unlimited credit in his store for the niggers, Spink has given every mother's son of them a \$2 note, and instructions to go to the polls and vote for him tomorrow."

"I should say that I had heard it,' I said."

mother's son of them a \$2 note, and instructions to go to the polls and vote for him tomorrow." 'I should say that I had heard it,' I said.
That's what I came down here for. Are you
going to give up?"
"We're just beginning,' said Spank. 'There
isn't a chance on earth for a blooming nigger
in this town to get another thing out of Spink,
is there?
"No, I guess that's right."
"Well, this is where we get in the game,'
and then Spank leaned over and gave me a
package of tickets. I hadn't the least notion
in the world what they were, and when I inquired, he told me to open them and see if I
didn't think his idea was a good one. I opened
the package and took out a ticket. Here is
what it said on it:

This Ticket will be good for two loads of

This Ticket will be good for two loads of SAND. If SALEM SPANK is elected Mayor of Red Ink, to-day, Nov. 3, 1899.

"See that the niggers get those in the morn-morning, said Spank. Don't let them out to-night or the other gang will hear of it, and double up on us. And remember to let the niggers understand that those tickets ain't worth a continental damn unless Saiem Spank is elected.

"Say, we swept the town. The niggers had all that Spink had to give away and tickets in their pockets for about \$3 worth of goods that they could use in their business. All they had to do was to make the tickets good, and they did it. Say, wasn't that slick? Why Spank never stood to lose a cent."

Owner but Let His Neighbors Sleep. "It would doubtless be easy to wake almost

anybody up by making a loud enough noise in his neighborhood, or by some sudden jar or shock," said the inventor. "For instance,

in his neighborhood, or by some sudden jar or shock." said the inventor. "For instance, an earthquake in his immediate vicinity would wake him up in all probability; and even the soundest sleeper would be likely to be awakened by, say, a boiler explosion next door. The fact is that you can wake up almost anybody with noise, if you make enough of it and keep it up long enough; and I know now, what, I dare say, others have discovered before, that a man can be awakened by the absence of noise; by a sudden silence.

"Somebody woke me up suddenly out of a sound sleep at 10 clock in the morning. Awake, I was oppressed by a deadly silence, and for a moment I couldn't realize what it meant. A moment later it came to me; the clock had stopped. I got up and looked at it, and, sure enough, it had stopped; and only that moment, as I discovered by looking at the time shown by my watch. The stopping of the ticking had wakened by unusual loud sounds, he may as certainly be waked by the stopping of familiar sounds to which he has long been accustomed. The breaking off of a current is, in this case, as effective as an increase of its volume would be. This has suggested to me a soundless alarm clock, upon which I am now at work, which I expect will prove a boon to many persons who are now awakened at early hours in the morning by the banging of some neighbor's alarm clock. My alarm clock will be made, not to go off at 4 A. M. with a boiler-factory effect, but at that hour to stop; the extra machinery commonly used to start an alarm being, in my clock, used to set a brake and stop the clock. The fortunate man who has provided himself with one of my clocks will be waked up at whatever hour he may set it, not by a great increase of sound. Our by the total cessation of a sound to which, seeping or waking, by life-time habit, his senses have become attuned; while his neighbora sieep their sleep out without knowing anything about it."

THE GALLOPING TURTLE

EBEN BROWN'S SURE THING IN A NOVEL PIKE COUNTY RACE. Brought It Out After a Ringer Donker

He Had Fixed-Squire Rogers's Humanit and the Reverse Action of Electricity. "After Eben Brown sold his farm," said Deacon Todgers reminiscently, "time hung pretty heavy on his hands and he got into the habit of coming down to the tavern and betting with the boys. The moral element of the come munity being against cards and dice, the good old man had to stir up the sporting bleed of the boys by getting them to bet on races of various kinds, horses, fast dogs, and finally matches between donkeys. Eben could generally hold his own in the betting game, but Squire Rogers, who was a pretty smooth old codger himself, ran in a ringer donkey in a race that Eben thought he had all fixed. The result was the transfer of a wad of bills to the

Eben felt sore at this. " 'For an elder of the church to run in a trick circus animal in a race supposed to be limited to non-professional Pike county donkeys is enough to curdle the milk of human kindness, observed Eben, sadly. 'I'm a good man and pious, but I'll get even with the squire if I' develop paresis trying to think up some plan.

Squire and a bunch of experience to Eben

"And Eben sighed in an honest, grieved sort of way that showed he had forgotten all the money he had won from the boys on other events of a sporting nature.

"Eben always had been given to fussing with electricity and magnets and scientific foolishness, so when he didn't show up at the tavern for a spell every one thought he was busy with what he called his 'inventions.' Bus one Saturday afternoon he came to the tavers carrying a big overgrown land turtle.

'It's only a poor homeless turtle I picked up and tried to make comfortable, he said in answer to the boys' questions. 'No candidate for first prize at a beauty show, bus an animal with good points despite his unas sertive appearance.

'And beyond his good looks, what might be the particularly prepossessing qualities of that new pet of yours?" inquired Squire Rogers. " 'He's a turtle, an honest, open-faced turtle, and no galloping Bucephalus disguised as donkey, answered Eben, sort of tartlike

"He's a turtle, an honest, open-taced turtle, and no galloping Bucephalus disguised as a donkey," answered Eben, sort of tartlike But while he don't look like a sprinter I will back that turtle in a race against any other turtle in Pike county."

"Eben's turtle looked too fat and too heavy to carry off any honors in the racing line, and the turtle match being a new game all the boys took to it. Eben made a few small bets. I thought he had things fixed, and was looking to see his pet win, but when Eben set the turtle down it blinked its eyes and acted more as if it wanted to go to sleep than engage in a turtle running match. Eben seemed heart-broken.

"How much sharper than a serpent's tooth is an ungrateful land turtle, he groaned. "Raw meat and affection and good advice have always been that turtle's portion, and now he settles down and sleeps as calmly as if his owner's good money hain't been wagered on his recreant legs and lazy disposition."

"Eben took the turtle up, turned him upside down, and seemed to be giving him a most powerful shaking. Then he said to the crowd, who were grinning at his downfall."

"Maybe my admonitions and tender chastenings will touch the heart of this ungrateful turtle. At any rate we ought to have another race to give me a chance to get back my money.

"The boys felt it was just like finding money to bet against that fat turtle. This time Eben held the turtle in his hands until everything was ready for the start. Then he placed the turtle on the ground and gave him a little poke. Talk about racing turtles! The fat turtle simply galloped over the course. He didn't stop at the end, either, but kept on at an increasing speed until Eben ran and picked him up. Eben collected his bets, this time taking about all the money in the crowd.

"That turtle isn't a ringer donkey,' he said to Squire Rogers, 'and he's no express train, but as a turtle he's very fair on the gallop.

"That evening Eben called at my home and be gan to glost over the victory of his turtle.

"That's a turtle in a mi

pike county turtles of good reputation. That will increase my fame, and if any benighted owners of vagrant, untrained turtles are looking for bets they will be accommodated.

"You've made a good thing of it, already," I warned him, and now is the time to stop. Even a turtle that adopts a joyous gallop as its means of travel may go up against the real thing. If 'sthe pitcher that goes too often to the well and the owner of sure things in racing that get broken.

"But Eben wouldn't listen and kert beoming up his turtle handicap scheme until nearly every one of the boys had a turtle entered, The committee in charge of the race handicapped Eben's turtle back nearly half the distance of the course, but Eben didn't seem to care and kept blunging until he brought the odds on his turtle down from 3 to 1 to less than even money.

"The day of the race Squire Rogers, whe had been growing more and more suspicious of Eben's calloting turtle, nanaged to get Eben in the tavern, and filled him up with Pike county appletack. Eben had been toting his precious turtle about in a basket all day, but, growing careless under the seductive influence of appletack, he put the turtle on the bar and let the Squire have a chance to examine it carefully. The Squire came out of the tavern fairly boiling with indiration.

"No wonder that turtle gallops when he's put on the ground. Squire Rogers stuttered wrathfully. That's a regular electric automobile turtle. Eben Brown has tucked a flux storage battery under the back part of that boor abused turtle's shell. When he ruits the innocent creature on the ground the circuit is complete, and, tortured by the electric current, the poor animal has to gallop. It's cruelty to animals, and an outrage on univascenting man who thought they had an easy thing betting against a fat land turtle.

"Then an idea seemed to strike the Souire. Seeming that back of the turtle and slip it under the free hands of the fat the least a humane man can do to aid a poor dumb animal which has undoubted gifts in the sprinti

The passerby who happened to look through the open door of an uptown fire engine house the other day might have wondered why one horse of the engine, hitched up, the horse belonging on the other side being in his stall. The reason was extremely simple. Some mea on electrical wires were occupied in front of this horse's stall, where in case of an alarm they would have offered more or less impediment to his free movement from the stall to the engine. Of course the firemen took no chances on anything of this sort, so while the work was going on they hitched the horse up in his place on the engine. This was not so comfortable for him as standing perfectly free and clear of harness, in his roomy stall would have been, but the horse apparently appreciated the situation fully. While he was the reverse of elated over it, yet, as the measurorked on he stood at the pole and heid in place therewith steadness and patience.